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quad

Fall, 1978



Glenda Savage, editor

Mark Brown

Claire Caldwell

Janie McNutt

Jennifer Pelham

Michael Roberts

Martha Speer

Riky Zayas

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quad

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FILENAME

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COURT	DEATH	EH103	GERMAN	H20	INTEGRAT
J1510503	J1510503	LAB3	LAB4	MARENG	MIRROR1
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TEXT MIRROR1

UNKNOWN COMMAND NAME. (CIERR 975)

EDITOP

HP32201A,7.02 EDIT/3000 TUE, OCT 17, 1978, 9:44 AM

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TEXT MIRROR1

LIST ALL

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1  RAW ENERGY
2  PULSES IN MY VEINS.
3  MY BRAIN BOILS
4  IMAGES FLASH IN CONTINUATION FOR MY ATTENTION.
5  I'M FLOATING ON A SEA OF CURRY
6  SICKLY SWEET IN MY DELIRIUM
7  HAIR ERECTED CLAMS
8  BREAK THROUGH MY MIRRORRED EYES:
9  I CAN SEE.
10
11          THERE IS WHERE I DON'T EXIST.
12          AND HERE IS WHERE I WAS
13          AFTER I WAS THERE.
14
15  FOUNDING PRESSURES ARE BUILDING TO A CLIMAX.
16  ORGASMIC EXPLOSIONS IN MY FINGERS AND TOES.
17  I AM ALIVE!
18  THIS IS REALITY
19  AND I DON'T EXIST.
20  TAKE IT AWAY
21  BLINDNESS
22  EATIN
23
24
25          A. HUPERSON

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TEXT SOC101

LIST ALL

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1  TODAY I WOULD LIKE TO EXAMINE THE VALIDITY OF THE THEORY AND
2  RATIONALE BEHIND RESEARCH FOR IF WE CANNOT JUSTIFY THESE THEN THE
3  PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF OUR EFFORTS ARE NOTHING MORE THAN PROFIT
4  GAINED BY USE OF A MEANDERING APPLICATION OF A FORMULA WHICH
5  IS NO MORE UNDERSTOOD THAN IT IS JUSTIFIED.
6  EACH STUDY IS LIMITED IN ITS SCOPE BY COUNTLESS PROBLEMS
7  INCLUDING RESEARCHER BIAS, INCOMPLETE DATA, FALSE CONCLUSIONS
8  DRAWN FROM DATA, SUBJECT GIVING INAPPROPRIATE RESPONSES, AND
9  MANY OTHERS. IN FACT, THE RESEARCH NO MATTER HOW WELL DONE
10 IS ONLY PARTIALLY VALID AND THAT FOR ONLY A CERTAIN TIMEFRAME,
11 GEOGRAPHICAL AREA AND CULTURAL ORIENTATIONS, BUT FOR ALL OF THAT EACH
12 STUDY DOES TEND TO SHED NEW LIGHT AND BRING NEW QUESTIONS TO
13 THE MIND OF THE RESEARCHER, THUS WE CAN SAY THAT RESEARCH AND
14 THE SCIENCE THEREOF IS JUSTIFIED AS A MEANS OF CONTINUING A
15 SEARCH FOR ANSWERS THAT MAY OR MAY NOT BE WITHIN OUR ABILITY
16 TO ANSWER.
17 SEESTARSEED TEXT FOR EXPANDED COMMENTS UPON THIS PROCESS

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Donald Dockery

Highland Avenue

What images I had of you tonight, Allen Ginsberg, for I walked down the middle of Highland Avenue to Rushton Park where I sat beneath a tree and asked the full moon, "Who is Carl Soloman?"

In my lust for rhythm and rhyme I kept time with the tapping of my foot, and every step I took was a step deeper in my mind.

I walked past the dark windows of the houses within the shadows casted by my illusive dreams.

I was so lonely I cried on the shoulder of the street. There a dornick promised to be my friend.

We wandered within the Southside. We went into the Strawberry Fields cafe. I drank Concord wine. My mother sat in a dark corner with a young sailor, and through the stained windows I saw you standing on the corner pawning yourself like a prostitute. You caught my smile and put it in your pocket.

I introduced you to my dornick. You showed me your scimitar. You threw it in the wind and I swear I saw it split a star.

You whirled Boreas around your finger, then asked him to lead the way. He did.

We walked past a neon fruit supermarket and you began to laugh. We strode four hours, then we reached my martellotower.

In my bedroom I cleaned my pipe of yen-shee while you talked to Walt Whitman. I put on my Ceylonese mask and you melted into my mescal.

HEART BEATS AND SONGS

We are all artists,
 filling space,
 passing through recording time;
Uplifted by each successive current.

AIR

BREATH

We drift from the past,
 grow feathers,
 accelerate and touch the moment;
We foresee a terrible danger, of men
without a purpose.

POLLUTING THOUGHT

CHOKING THE MOVEMENT

Eyes pierce synthetic existence,
 finding fear gnawing the interior.
Feathers form wings,
 we fly.

From space (high above the masses),
We drop baskets full of trinkets.

HEART BEATS AND SONGS

Raven's wing on top of a flawless
ivory sculpture is the perfect
dreamer in a perfect dream.

She resides in a world of shimmery
stemmed crystal, sparkling
snow white linen, and silken
silvery cobwebs in pewter
coloured corners.

WJM

There are no dark gloomy corners
for evil and fiends to hide in,
only emerald grass and a sapphire
sea.

The knight, with his banners rippling
in the breeze and his plume bouncing
with the rhythm of his gallant
white charger, rides up the path
from the sapphire sea to see the
princess of fantasy land.

Reflections

Dim light filtered through the dirty window pane, and
soft gray dust coated everything. Her grandmother's
attic--what a wonderful place to be on a late, lazy
Saturday afternoon.

Memories of good times and yes, bad times too were in
every corner of the room. Like the room, her mind
held both. There was the trunk of wonderful, old clothes
that she had spent many happy hours playing in. There
by the window hung her sister's never worn wedding dress.
And there her grandmother's gardening tools rested
abandoned against the wall.

She thought of her grandmother working in her garden.
Oh how she loved to grow things. Suddenly tears blinded
her eyes as she thought of the tools never to be used again,
and about her grandmother unable even to recognize the
flowers on the bedside table. Never again would she be
found digging in the warm, rich earth. As she thought
of this, the light slowly faded from the window leaving
her in darkness.

Backling
Tong
Drain





She wore glamour like an old wound
She sparkled bright; hard as diamond.
The ashes on her tongue
Gave her kiss the taste of hemlock
Which is called wise man's wine
And cherished obscurely when love is lost.
On crazy nights we danced around her
Singed our wings and called it love
And bled our lives into her eyes
Bottomless as a vampire's need.
She whispered forever and we believed.
Forever lasted only so long
As it takes to drift through a single song.

Like a glass castle built on sand,
A tender moment built on lies
We worshiped her fragile loveliness
That quivered on the edge of shattering
For her face, holy in the moonlight,
Was an icon to some lost faith
We grieved for in the night.

Exiles

There is no rest here
Except for those who dream.
We wake to find ourselves alone
Naked and tender to alien forces
Babbling in tongues about the dream,
Exiles from a homeland so far away
No traveler brings news or pardon.
I have walked down these foreign ways
Rejected by the cobblestones, an intruder out of synch
With the turnings of the world and the moods of the season.
I have been the other and the shadow of the light
And the vagrant wind has traced my prison walls
Like a tongue slithering through ruined teeth,
Surveying the damage done
When stones are used for bread.

"A Poetical Explication of the Existential Notion of Contingency"

Wind in grass
waves on water
shadow of mystery
invisible forces
intangible as eternity
always fadeing, never absent
I stretch my hands in wonder
I grasp at a shadow show
made by invisible hands
wind you are a god
outside this inside totally
immune
reading us mortals like
letters on a page
that you scribbled in a stolen
moment
wind you are a stone in seas
of mystery
and all the moments and all
the loves and all the lives
are but ripples in a pool of
maybe
frivolous and trivial as a
divine doodle
and I am a something that
wondered what
and realized that I too was
but a why not
with no reason to be or cease to be.

Ya see there was this poet,
and he was sittin' there with his
pencil and a whole stack of paper,
but he couldn't think of anything to
say (because he was a very dull person
and dull people don't have any business
sayin' things anyway.)

So he dremp't up this nonex-
istent person (who was black for
some reason, and don't ask me
why) and started talkin' to him
like he was a reg'lar person
only this black man left 'cause
he had better things to do.

And then this poet (and i mean
he was really dull) went and
jumped out the window, 'cause
he thought that that would make
him a more excitin' person,
but all he got for it was
a broke neck and some flowers
from his mother at the funeral.

Cathy Hamrick

Fishing with a Grandfather

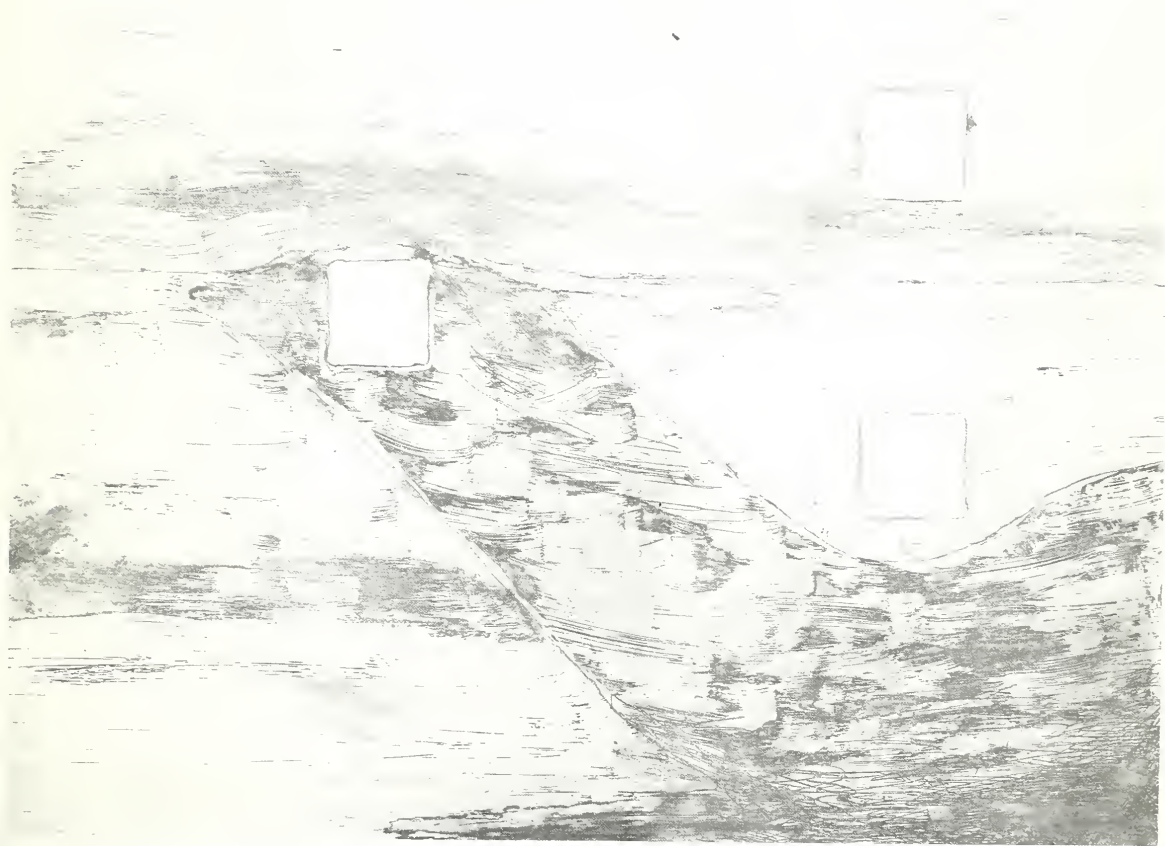
She squirms on the splintered seat,
Drops the pole and broken net
To scratch the scabs on her feet.

Her nails scrape skin and her wet
Fingers rub the blood that seeps
While she watches the old man sweat.

He grips the oars and a fly leaps
Slowly from one dry, freckled hand.
The peeling boat lurches, then creeps
Across water toward muddy land.

Glenda Savage

Day lilies die and
leave tall pronged stems,
like brittle hands. They clasp
my own and so we form bouquet
for her.
The dry stems break, and
she can't press our hands
in heavy books.
Still, we remain to keep her
from remembering us.
Though flowerless, we offer her bouquet.
And if she reach to throw away
we'll take her hands and
not let go.





Sarah - One Last Time

By Betty Terry

Hunger
Pain
Ignore
Crowd
 of
Politically oppressed
 and oppressing
Parents
Children
Die
Valiant
Honorable
Struggle.

Love
Seek
Hate
Destroy
All
We
Can
Know
Now.
 ii

Work/ is not constructive like/ blueberry pie eaten and/ then forgotten.

Our thirst/

What do you call the woman who cries all day and has/ nothing to say?

For knowledge/

The man who hit his finger with the/ hammer

Will
Not
Destroy/

Often love is/ too/

Us.

Heavy.-		
People	Will	The
Who	Raise	Bottom.

Know	Us	Top
Us	To	Thee.

Rainbarrel

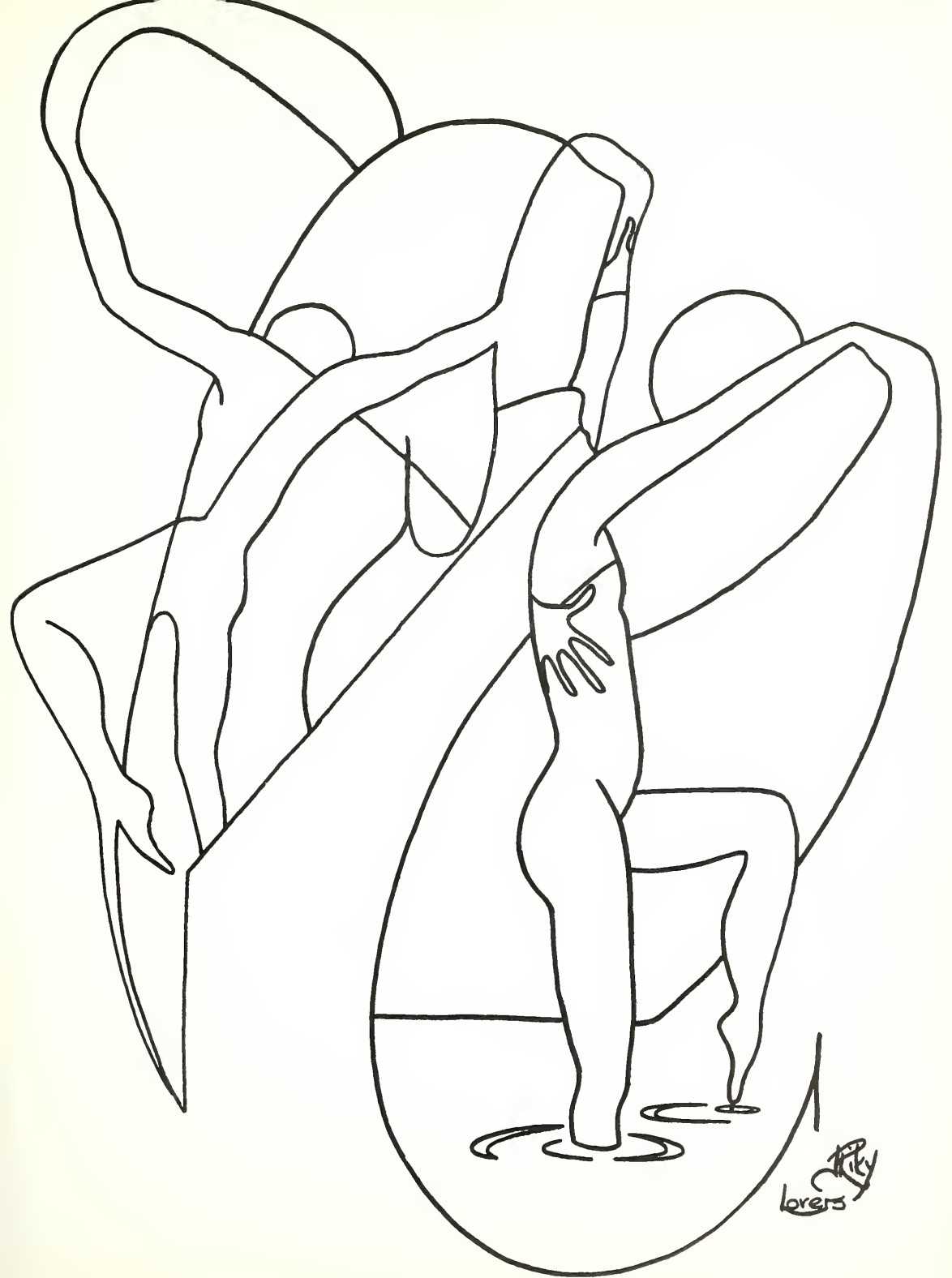
The lazy circles lazily stretch
Then clamor in again and dis-
Appear, then out again. Splat, drip
Drip splat, wet hair and wetter still:
The clouds they never stop, it seems,
Until too much. But circles reach
The brim and close again, vanish.

Dripping evergreen and blurry dark,
Diagonal lines of grey connect
The sky to the air to the earth:
Glistening black goes on ahead, in spurts,
The white, the other way, fairly fast.
Around a curve, a blank of sky.
Then down into a hall of moving lines
And dark green walls.

JRiky

Wednesday

As she cried over the Ghat's dead body, her father trying
to comfort her, holding her by the shoulders with his eyes closed,
a small replica of the Ghat made its way out of the bullet hole
and went flying silently into the forest, unnoticed.



Cheryl Olds

i once knew her
 you knew her too
and we all viewed her
 with the curiosity
 due a foreign element-
 half in awe
 half in fear
 ah yes, we all thought we knew her
i remember
 we all watched
 as she walked into our view - half saint - all martyr -

You remember.
 You lit her cigarettes,
you poured her gin,
 and you laughed with her
as she played her cards out.
No one questioned her coming,
 why should we have questioned her going?
 there were those - those poor fools
who thought they had captured her,
 but for her it was only a bed for the night
 and each day she took flight.
You remember...how she laughed at convention
 and how we begged for a copy of the rules.
 we questioned not her coming,
Why should we question now her going?
We made love to her
 but never once loved her.
how sad.
 i didn't think she would be gone so soon.



A/P CHIMP (E.C.) ROURN

Death in Ishbenga

He was insane of course. We didn't know it then but there was never any doubt when you really stop to think about it.

The morning was beautiful; the sun streamed through the window illuminating the room with a mellow golden glow. Bob Dylan was crying in circles on the record player, (a Technics SL-2000 Direct Drive Fully Manual Turntable System), about somebody's rights.

He was reading some literature written by his friend who very rarely signed his literary masterpieces with his real name because they were too cynical in nature for a person in his profession to be associated with.

He signed, A. Huperson.

He was cynical.

He had a job as the Youth Director of a Church.

His friend was crazy too. We didn't know that either at the time because we didn't know he had any friends much less a cynical one.

On the aforementioned afternoon he was just sitting there in his comfortably furnished room reading a short story, "The People of Ishbenga" by A. Huperson, and listening to Bob Dylan.

The story went like this:

There is a country not too far from this one called Ishbenga. The people in Ishbenga are normal, healthy individuals who lead normal, healthy lives even if they might be considered somewhat backward.

The Industrial Revolution still hadn't hit Ishbenga.

Each morning the people would get up, fix their breakfasts, put on their eyemasks and head for work. Sometimes they even made it to work.

An eyemask is like a double eye-patch...you can't see at all.

Now this may seem very strange to you but it is a fact that in Ishbenga there are any number of dragons, goblins, hobgoblins, banshees, trolls, ogres, and a slew or more of vicious werewolves and other demonic creatures which populate the countryside that would not hesitate to devour any human foolish enough to allow itself to be seen.

The people in Ishbenga claim to be allergic to being eaten so they wear their eyemasks very faithfully.

Everyone in Ishbenga knew that if you couldn't see the monster the monster couldn't see you, and if he couldn't see you he couldn't catch you to eat you.

The people took great pains then to protect themselves from their allergy.

One day in Ishbenga some children were out playing catch-me-if-you-can when a little girl tripped and fell which happens a lot when one plays with an eyemask on. This time her eyemask fell off and as she frantically tried to reapply it to her eyes her eyes were caught by a beautiful flower.

It was red and amber and white with petals as soft as mist on a Spring morning surrounded by emerald leaves.

Looking up she suddenly realised that she had not been eaten or even summarily attacked by the monsters that were supposedly all around her. As a matter of fact, as she looked around she saw very few of the legendary beasts; to be precise, there were none.

After a few minutes of observing her friends falling over stones and bushes like cartoon characters and since she saw no monsters in the immediate vicinity she called to her friends to get them to look at the flower that she had found. They ran for home.

She was, of couse, dead.

They mourned her for days. She had to be dead because there is no way to survive outdoors in Ishbenga without your eyemask on and everyone knew that.

She finally gave up trying to convince them otherwise and even attended her own funeral.

You can't survive without your eyemask outdoors in Ishbenga and everyone knows that.

The flower is still there, and the little girl still goes back to look at it sometimes.

THE END

Now it's John Prine lamenting on the turntable as the story drifts to the floor released by hands now wiping the tears overflowing his eyes. He saw within the story a great social comment, a lamenting of the blindness of people everywhere for the average man to live in fear of.

He also voted for McGovern in '72.

About two months later he was declared legally insane. It was obvious that anyone that went around screaming at people to remove their eyemasks and see the beauty of multicolored flowers everywhere had to be somewhat cracked.

He still has the story in his head and every now and again he repeats it to the attendants and nurses at the institution.

His friend committed suicide at the age of twenty.

He was insane too.

-- Tim Kendrick



